

THE WAR C



VOL. III. No. 19.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
[General of the R. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, OCT. 30, 1897.

EVANGEL
[Commissioner for N



ANNIVERSA

The Field Comm

PREVAILING PRAYER.

ADJUTANT A. LAMB, Chicago

A BIG exhaustless theme! It is so, I suppose, for various reasons. First, because every fresh study of the Bible on the power and privilege of God's people in prayer, brings us something so new and grand that we feel that, indeed, a fresh revelation has come to our hearts as to what we may ask and receive at the Throne of Grace. It matters not what our needs may be—for "My God shall supply ALL YOUR NEED." And this very promise is given in connection with the mention of those temporal blessings of food and clothing, that often become such a perplexing problem with many Salvationists.

In some travels of late this truth came with rare richness and beauty to me at several different-testing times, but one instance I shall never forget.

My travelling expenses were heavy, for I had some several hundred miles, only to find that arrangements for my meetings were very incomplete—and only a few people were gathered into the churches where I was to speak on various branches of Army work. Sunday was at hand, and I was behind with my week's expenses.

Salary was out of the Question.

But somehow the other obligations must surely be met. I shall not soon forget that Sunday morning season of prayer. For the privilege to speak at a certain church at night was given with the understanding that no collection be taken. It was the devil who argued with me as I waited on my knees before God. And I fear that, without realizing on whose side I was arguing, I almost echoed back to God what Satan said to me, when he whispered with such exasperating tones, "The Lord CAN'T help you today if He wants to. The morning and afternoon collections must all go to the garrison corps you visit, and you have no offering at the church tonight." And I fear I said, "Yes, that is true: He CAN'T send me money today."

It is not easy to portray such a soul experience with my blundering pen. But, oh, the struggle that followed for the next few moments. Yet the victory came quickly, and in triumph I exclaimed, "He knows how much I need this money, and if He has allowed all this day's collections to be shut off from me, I cannot help it. But I'll serve Him anyway, bless His name! And I'll go in to have a day of victory, whether He supplies my needs or not."

The joy that came at that moment made me forget my lack of money during the blessed Holiness Meeting that followed. Indeed the whole thing passed from my mind. At the close of the morning's meeting an old gentleman with white hair pushed past the other officers who stood near me, and stretching out his hand to me, said, "I was never in an Army meeting before. Here," and he

Handed me a Five Dollar Bill.

I need not say that I was ashamed that I had questioned, even for a moment, and yet battles are not defeats, thank God. And yet I believe that God sent that old gentleman into that meeting (away from his own service) to help me, because He saw I had reached a place where I was willing to "shut His doors for nought"—to work without pay as well as with it. I need not make the application; for if I help some one to believe that Elijah's God will care for those who lose all to serve Him, even if He must use the ravens to do it, my desire shall be satisfied. Oh, believe it, believe it, and God will honor your faith. Happy, indeed, is that man who is driven by his very poverty and adverse circumstances, to seek God in his distress, to cry like the young ravens in their

hunger, till the God in Heaven answers. Oh, what a rebuke to our unbelief is the simple faith of those who have asked and received, "day by day," the manna for body and soul. Yes, He careth for you, whether you will believe it or not.

Secondly, this precious subject is enlarged before our minds by the increased experience that comes to us as we go on in faith, for great things from God, and see those great things realized. Experience, blessed, rich experience, of God's faithfulness, encourages us to believe for larger gifts still. And yet these "great things" are very often the most insignificant, when valued according to their intrinsic worth. It is because they come direct from the King that we prize them so highly. A very

Small Present from Victoria's Hand

becomes of great worth to the recipient, because it is the Queen's gift. Only last evening, as I stood near the door of a steam car, as we drew into a strange city, I was wondering how I should find the officers' quarters (as I had been unable to get the address), and was just lifting my heart to God that He would send along a guide, when a man near me, reaching out his hand, said "Good evening, brother," and my very guide was at my side. Trivial matters, you say! Possibly so to you, but not to Him, "for the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

Perhaps some one who reads these lines is halting when God says, "Go forward," into what seems to be a barren wilderness, away from your Egyptian comforts and luxuries. It may be the life of an Army officer to which God calls you. It may be to the most barren and difficult part of the field where our Flag flies, to which He wants to send you. Oh, what a heavenly home! He wishes to confer upon you. Like your Master, you are chosen to go where others dare not venture. Will you not trust Him? If others have failed, it is because they have not followed with a single eye. Their connection has never brought them to where God MUST (according to His promise) do great things in them and through them. It is only those who "seek FIRST the Kingdom of God," to whom Christ promises that "all these things (temporal needs) shall be added unto you."

And, thirdly—and I must add a thirdly—this life of prayer is intensified by the direct inspiration and teaching of the Holy Spirit in our own hearts. Not only are we helped by what we learn from the Bible and from experience, but also by immediate revelations by the Holy Ghost, of the will of God in our own souls. Oh, hallelujah! "For we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercessions for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." And, if we would only yield ourselves without fear, what Christ-yearnings would be forgotten within us! How much time now wasted in prayer for those things that can never be given us, would be spent in praying for that which is, according to the will of God, if we were only quiet before the Lord, listening to the voice of His Spirit in our hearts? Does He begot within us a desire for the salvation of certain individuals? Then let us give ourselves to prayer for them. Is it for some special branch of work, some special country or people? Then hold on to God for blessing on these needy and desert places, till the showers descend. He is wanting to bless them, and He wants to co-operate with you and He wants to bring blessing and salvation to them. While the Spirit is moving, take hold of God and victory will surely come. Amen, and amen!

HOLINESS FRAGMENTS.

The outer life of holiness is in DOING.

To make us holy is the joy of the Lord.

"The Lord Jesus never thrusts Himself upon anyone."

The Holy Spirit puts a Divine energy into our faith.

"Jesus seeks a pulpit right in the midst of the daily life."

Keep your mind free from needless judgments of others.

God not only saves us from our foes, but He saves us from our fears.

Our business as Christians is to serve the Lord in every business of life.

The living Christ within us makes us right towards the things of earth.

As a disciple of the Lord Jesus, let the come first—that HE be seen and heard.

Doubts are born not so much of bad books as of un-Christianlike Christians.

Self-seeking is cured by a clear sight of His claims. Harshness and covetousness are stricken for want of His Presence.

There is but one result that can warrant the agony of Calvary: there is but one result that can satisfy either our blessed Saviour or ourselves, and that is our being conquerors over sin.

Faithfulness on the part of His disciples goes farthest to give the word faith in the Lord and Master. Faithfulness, when we lose by it, as well as when it pays. Faithfulness in little when it pays great. Faithfulness behind the back as well as before the face. Through and through, as in thought and deed, in word and look, for His sake, faithfulness.

Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. Heb. xii. 14.

What manner of persons ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and Godliness. II. Peter, iii. 11.

Every man that hath this hope in him (of seeing Jesus), purifieth himself even as He is pure. I. John, iii. 2.

These texts seem to teach a practical holiness. We are not to live so much of holiness preaching. Lots of that through the country. Why is it that it has not the effect it ought to have?

St. Paul, I think, will give us some light. He says: "Who also hath made sole ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the Spirit; for the 'letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.' I believe that there are lots of these 'holiness-preaching' preachers. They can give us lots of theory. We want the new dispensation preaching, Spirit-giving, life-giving. Paul says, again: 'For our Gospel came not unto you in word only.'

But also in Power and in the Holy Ghost, and in Much Assurance.

Praise God, that is it. How is it that the preaching of to-day does not seem to stir up the lukewarm and self-seeking soldier or professor? "Come to what St. Paul says, 'Our Gospel came unto you in power.' Oh, we want the continual renewing of the Holy Ghost. We will search the lunatics off, we shall knock away the false props, tear off the false covering. Then there will be a

Row with Old Carnality.

Something wrong if you don't have a row of some kind. You must talk these days, lightness, joking, trifling. "Be holy in all manner of conversation, much. Perhaps they will say it is pure." We want more than goodness. We must have the mighty power of the Holy Ghost to convince of sin.

What will happen if you come out on these lines? Well, they will call you a crank, or a little soft, righteous over-much. Perhaps they will say it is pure. We want more than goodness. We must have the mighty power of the Holy Ghost to convince of sin.

Get into Your Closets and Plaid with God

to mightily baptise you with the Holy Ghost, then go out to live and preach holiness. Sinners shall be saved.

H. C. KENDALL

A Prince has paid the ransom.
He stooped to rescue me;
A slave to habits low and vile,
He gave me liberty.
My weakness in His strength is bold,
Seeks other souls to save;
Go tell the wretched every one,
There's freedom for the slave."

"How much Owest Thou my Lord?"

No. 1. By THE GENERAL.

YOU WILL NOT DISPUTE that you owe God something. That is a fact about which there can be no dispute. Whatever you may have given to Him, or done for His people, or sacrificed for His Kingdom, there is still something owed against you. The only ground on which there can be any controversy is the amount. How much do you owe?

Now, my purpose is to present this claim, run over some of the items contained in it, obtain your assent to the amount, and then press for a settlement.

To Whom do I Appeal?

Now mind, I am not applying to the enemies of my Lord: they are outside my present appeal. I may have something to say to them before I have done, but my purpose now is to have a plain talk with God's own people. If there are any among the ungodly, the claim I should lodge would be far heavier: I must demand on behalf of my King and Master. Atone for the innumerable transgressions of His law. Reparation for the wrongs done to Him and His Government, together with restitution for the damages inflicted upon the souls and bodies and circumstances of His people.

What an amount that would be! But your standing and relations, my Comrades, are altogether different. It is to you who have been forgiven, adopted into His family, and exalted to the relationship of Sons and Daughters that I want to speak. But even here I find a very heavy Registry. Let me look over its pages and mention one or two of the principle items it contains.

Statement of Claim.

But perhaps someone is perplexed and says, "I hardly understand this. If my debt is cancelled am I not free? Can my sins be blotted out, and yet stand against me in the books of Heaven?"

Do not the very mercies God has heaped upon you multiply your obligations to Him a million-fold. These obligations I want to help you to appreciate, acknowledge, and meet. To begin with let me inquire.

The Greatest Marvel on Earth.

1. How much owest thou in return for thyself? You are the workmanship of His hands. Take your body. Perhaps someone will say, "Well, take my Body. It's a poor affair; full of aches and pains, diseases and decay." True, this may be, but the aches and pains and diseases are the work of the enemy. The Devil and the wrong-doings of your forefathers have spoiled what otherwise would have been one of the most perfect pieces of divine workmanship in the Universe.

But still, with all its imperfections, your Body is a wonderful machine. Look at it. What man-manufactured engine can equal it? It can do more than even these earthly machines have their value. Say a locomotive, warranted to travel at express speed, or a Maxim gun, warranted to kill faster than you can count, or a machine intended to fly, if it could only be found able to fulfill the intentions, would each fetch a good round sum into the market. But what are these, compared to the engine that wonderful Thing which is called Man, with its three-fold organization of Body, Soul and Spirit? Who can calculate its worth?

Look again at your mind. At least, think upon this Body of yours, with its finely moulded limbs; with its marvellous functions of seeing, and hearing, and tasting, and smelling, and all its mysterious nerves, and glands, and muscles, and tissues. See how these things are united together, supported, vitalised, controlled, and then consider how this Master Mind directs it all in wonder and in value all the Wooden and Iron and Steel Contrivances of men.

Go around to connect with this Bountiful Marvel the wonderful Mental Forces—the feeling Power—the Thinking Power—the Willing Power—the Loving Power, and all the other

Powers of the Immortal Soul, and what a precious and astonishing and marvellous piece of machinery you have here! What a standing miracle man must appear to the eyes of the angels, and to all the other inhabitants of God's Universe who have the opportunity for knowing him. Is it to be wondered at if it were not so; for are we not told that man was

"Made in the Image of God."

Now, my comrades, this is You; and God made you thus. You are not an Atheist. You don't believe that you came from nothing, that you were made by chance out of dancing atoms, or generated out of nothing by heat, which would prove that there was something before all. For if there was nothing, whence came the heat and if there was something, namely the heat, who made that something? No, you are too intelligent for that nonsense. You believe in God, and His grace. God gave you the form, the life, the faculties that you possess, and I want ask you whether such a life does lay any under obligation to make some return for it to the Giver. What return have you made? What return are you making all the time with this creature? But have you done for Him and His Government, with this power? What return have you made? How much owest thou my Lord?

The World we Live in.

2. How much do you owe God for all the Material He has supplied for your Support, Well-being and Enjoyment? And again, perchance, I shall be met by some one saying, "The world is a wailing speech," says, "My life has been marred by trials and losses and cares; wind and tide have been against me all the voyage. So far tears and trouble and disappointment have been my lot."

True, oh friend, all this may be. Still, have not the pleasant things, in weight and number, been far beyond the painful? And if you subtract from your troubles those that have been of your own making, and if you remember further that Grace has been provided to make you all things of sorrow, and "work together for your good," I think you will come to agree with me that the joys of your lifetime have, in number and value, infinitely exceeded the things that you account your woes. But let us look.

(a) There is the wonderful World He has given you to live in. The air is pleasant that you breathe, the sun that shines by day and the moon and stars that shine by night are bright and beautiful, the mountains and valleys, oceans and lakes and rivers, the trees and plants and fruit and flowers are things of joy and beauty. Alas! He cursed it. Nay, it was not God, but sin that wrought the curse. But in the very midst of the world, the marvellous breath of evil marred its beauty and fruitfulness with thistles and thorns, did He not open the door to another world—the perfect and eternal Heaven that shall never know a curse, because it shall never know a sin?

But, coming back, my Comrades, has He not made this world still more pleasant to you by the gifts of food and clothing and kindred and home and friends and ten thousand other mercies? But, here again, I hear someone say, "My experience of these blessings has been very imperfect and short-lived, and very much mixed up with mortifications and vexations." Still, these mercies are there; that you cannot deny. Deny, if you prefer, that they have been. Have you ever stopped to gauge their value? What are the worth of the loved ones who are with you to-day? They are your life. Still, they are yours for a season, and may be yours forever. What return for these treasures have you made to your Father? In this respect, what do you owe? How much owest thou your Lord?

The Gift of Gifts.

3. God has given you His Son. What value do you set upon that, His best

bestowment? Did you ever set yourself to measure the worth of your interest in "The Bleeding Lamb"? You often sing—

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And my dear Saviour's blood my pride."

And well you may, for the value to you of the blood that washed the love and pity and suffering signified is worth infinitely more than ten thousand worlds.

But I want to inquire as to the return you have made for it all. What response does it deserve? I have often asked that question in the War Cry, and if I live I suppose I shall often ask it again. I ask it to myself. I say, "Oh, my soul, come here and gaze at this agony, remember who it is that hangs here, and consider the sorrow that He is enduring on the bloody Tree and remember, remember, that it was all for thee." Does your soul reply as mine has often done:—

"Oh, let me sit beneath the cross
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for Him I count but loss
And give up all that I have to Him."
Of nothing hear or speak beside—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified"

I say Amen, that is all my life, all your life, all, all, all our lives and all else we have should be, must be laid down for Him. That is the demand His sacrifice makes. That is the demand I make in His name to-day. That is your obligation. All, all, all. Are you meeting it?

The Might of the World.

4. But I go on down the list, and find that your debt has been increased by a further gift, namely, that of the Holy Ghost. With the opening of your eyes upon the spiritual world, and, anyway, with the first perception of the difference between right and wrong came the blessed Holy Spirit to your heart.

After long rebelling and vexatious grievances on your part He succeeded in overcoming your natural hatred to goodness and God, melted your heart to repentance, led you to the cross, and witnessed your sins forgiven. Since then He has been your guiding Guide, Counsellor and Friend. He is with you to-day, has got hold of your heart, and is saying to you, "Remember you if you will be faithful, until He has put you down before the Throne. What is the value of that gift? What are you going to make for it? Oh, my comrades, how much owest thou my Lord?"

Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

5. I pass over many items in the Account. Life would be too short to do them all. I will mention a few of considerable dimensions that is no less than the gift Forgiveness of Sins. You remember its bestowment well, and will not need to say much about its value then. What is it worth to you to-day? What response have you made for it.

If you had committed some terrible crime, and were under a heavy and guilt of your dark deed, biting and stinging your conscience, had wandered forth, like Cain, with the brand upon your heart, if not upon your brow, and were seeking for some way of escape, man being who could blot it out of the Assize book bring back your peace of mind, and allow you to return to the land that gave you birth?

If you had been tried for some crime, found guilty, and were awaiting your execution, how much would you have given as you walked your cell thinking of the gallows, and the noose, and the sword that would save you from the hangman's rope?

My comrades, you have committed sins and crimes innumerable and immense, and are awaiting your punishment, and your God. They were written down in the book of His remembrance—nay, sentence had been passed, and the executioner was ready. At that time, when He came along and blotted them out, and, with His own blood, spoke the pardon to your soul. How much, again, I ask, of Gratitude and Service do you owe to Him for that?

6. Are there not many of my comrades who will read this paper, to whom He has given the pearl of great price, the gift of His Holy Spirit, how much owest thou my Lord for this?

7. I cannot go further with the account. I am staggered by its dimensions, and I fear, I am staggerer you. But oh, my friends, I mention a few of the precious gifts of Hope in Death, Acquittal at the Judgment Bar, and Everlasting Heaven? What response have you made for these blessings?

Love.

8. And leaving gifts, may I not enquire if He has not left, written in His Book, and written on the fleshly tablets of your heart, the Commandment to loving every soul who is the recipient of

all these mercies, that they should love Him with all their heart, and their neighbor as themselves?

Can You Reckon?

There, my comrades, is the Account. What a place of arithmetic it is. Who can cast up this Addition Sum? Is there an Angelic Accountant, or an earthly one? Who has got in among the blood and fire throng in the Heavenly City who can total it up?

But there is something to be done before you come to the Addition. Who can put any right and conceivable value on these gifts? Leaving the things of earth, who can fathom the ocean of love that has flowed out to you and me? Who can put a value upon the favor of Jehovah? Who can price the Forgiveness of Sins, the Cleansing Virtue of Christ's Blood, or the Inspiration of the Holy Ghost? Who can say what is the worth of a dwelling place under the shadow of the Eternal Throne, girdled by the Almighty Arms of Jehovah, sheltered from the winds of earth and hell; and, oh, my comrades, who can value what it will be at last to be called up to stand in His presence, where there is fullness of joy, and to have a seat at His right hand where there are pleasures forever more?

This is your lot. These are His gifts to you. What return have you made for them? What is your response to Him in love and service and gifts and sacrifice? You may say you have done something; but still, what is the balance standing against you in the books of His love? How long will it be the week for the consideration of this, and then return to the subject. Perhaps you will have an answer by then to my question.

"How Much Owest Thou My Lord."



It is said that Spain is so hard pressed for money that the Government has attempted to sell all the public lands and buildings which can be spared.

It is expected that the American Cotton Corporation will proceed to the lakes as stated some time ago. A pilot has been engaged to take her through the locks of the canals.

Another proposal has been laid before the British War Office to enlist 5,000 recruits at an extra rate of pay, thus forming a reserve force which can be drawn upon at any time for use in small wars.

The Prince of Wales has been desired to intervene between the employers and engineers but has declined. The strike is steadily increasing, and the destruction of battle-ships, and there is the probability of contracts being sent abroad.

The Sultan of Turkey is said to have despatched 20,000 troops of the line into Mesopotamia. They were sent from Greek battalions. The explanation is that they have gone to take the place of invalids, which is discredited in official circles.

A new bullet has been invented which is said to be the most terrible of its kind in existence. It is made of lead and instead of conical the top is level and has a cup-like cavity. On entering the flesh this bullet acts like a punch, cutting a clean round hole which does not bleed. The bullet begins to expand immediately after entering, and after it has travelled six inches it produces a jagged hole three or four inches in diameter.

In connection with the engineers strike 70,000 men have now idle who are prepared of bringing about a general strike throughout the shipbuilding establishment, involving another 20,000. The railroad employees will hold a convention at Birmingham and formulate demands which the company say it is impossible for them to grant, in the event of which a general strike of 150,000 railroad workers will take place which will probably mean the idling of 1,500,000 others.

Ambition! Is it safe?—as safe as heaven if it is won on round Calvary.—Field Commissioner.

It is not human not to want to win. That is the General law in all the races to depend on. He who is not running in the blood of his soldiers right through every rank down to the infantry the desire to win. Oh, that our war, the Commander of the world every soul who is the recipient of

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S WESTERN TOUR.

MISS BOOTH

WILL LEAD

Great Salvation Battles

AS FOLLOWS:

PACIFIC PROVINCE, Brigadier Howell.

SPOKANE, Sunday and Monday, November 7th and 8th.

BUTTE, Wednesday, November 10th.

HELENA, Thursday, November 11th.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE, Brigadier Bennett.

JAMES TOWN, Sunday, November 14th.

FARGO, Monday, November 15th.

WINNIPEG, Tuesday and Wednesday
November 16th and 17th.

GAZETTE.

APPOINTMENT—

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN SIMEON,
of Territorial Headquarters, to be
G.R.M. Secretary.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



ALL ABOUT OUR FIFTEENTH
ANNIVERSARY.

"HOW MUCH OWEST THOU MY
LORD?" By the General.

A PURE GOSPEL. By the late Mrs.
General Smith.

PREVAILING PLAYER. By Adjt.
Alexander Lamb, Chicago, U.S.A.

HOLINESS FRAGMENTS.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK. By Mrs.
Brigadier Read.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PACIFIC'S
PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

A MATRIMONIAL SQUABBLE. By
the Editor.

STORIES FOR SAINTS AND SIN-
NERS.

WEEKLY NEWS, PERSONALIA,
INTERESTING ITEMS, MIS-
TRESSES, HEALTH AND HOME,
ETC.

Serial Stories: DAD SLOSS (contin-
ued), THE SWORD OF THE
LORD (continued).

HELPS.

SONGS.



A Rescue Home in Paradise is pro-
posed.

The Midland Chief Division is divided
into three commands.

The first colony site in Colorado is
situated in the valley of the Arkansas
river.

A white family in distress were as-
sisted recently by a kind-hearted Chi-
nese soldier.

In default of the imposed fine a man
in Hanford, Cal., was sentenced to
seventy-five days in jail for insulting
the Salvation Army ladies.

Three new corps are about to be
opened in Boston, and Lieut.-Colonel
Coxons intends having fifteen in the
city before the General's visit.

The Band of Love has been launched
at Kingston, Jamaica.

A splendid lantern has been des-
patched to New Zealand.

The Cinematograph continues to
score splendid results in Australia.

Colonel Jai Bhai has started a three
months red-hot warfare in his Terri-
tory.

By the end of this tour Colonel Musa
Bhai will have personally visited every
corps in his territory.

Ninety-seven native women have
been received during one year in the
Calcutta Rescue Home.

A rent League has been started for
the help of financial affairs by the Ja-
maican Territorial Commander.

Two officer comrades and come sol-
diers have been summoned at Clarke's
Town, Jamaica, for holding meetings.

Chinese soldiers in San Francisco
are earning their laurels as War Cry
boomers. Gee How, 165; and Sheek
Wong, 75, are some of their latest
totals.

The Atlantic Coast Chief Division is
to be divided and a new Southern Division
formed out of the Southern States
with Headquarters at Washington,
D. C.

Citizens of Sacramento are assisting
in the initial financing of the Sugar
Beet Colony Scheme. A short time ago
a friend of mine in Weinsook had
already collected \$500 to this end.

Foreign postage stamps are being
collected by Comrade Kruger, of San
Francisco. He turns the money realized
from their sale over to the Child-
ren's Home.

A special feature of the Australian
Self-Denial Hand Book is the chapter
devoted to "Ammunition," being hard
facts for convincing the skeptical and
ignorant of the world-wide extent of our
Social and Military war.

Brother Etherell, stewardman of
H.M.S. Grafton, while decorating the
Salvation Army Seaman's Home at
Yokohama, Japan, on the eve of the
Queen's Jubilee day, fell from the first
floor window to the ground. Death
was instantaneous.

Sir Alexander Onslow and Mr. George
Tressell, the first a Chief of Justice,
and the second a Crown Commissioner
of Lands, made note-worthy speeches
at the Commandant's magnificent
Social meeting in the Perth Town Hall,
Australia.

Brigadier Jivi Ratnam, the beloved
wife of Brigadier Jiva Knoll has been
promoted to glory. Her bereaved hus-
band has gone on furlough to England.
It is about eleven years since he landed
in the first large party of forty
officers in Colombo.

District Officers' Council.

It was arranged that Staff-Captain
Hargrave should meet the D.O.'s at
Lippincott St. on Friday, and go into
the matter of the D.O.'s relationship
and responsibility to and for his Dis-
trict and J. S. work.

Brigadier Margetts in a few words
explained the Commissioner's desire,
and the course was then clear for ac-
tion. The notes which had been so
carefully prepared were missing, but
eventually unearthed from Major Gas-
lin's pocket. The first act was an at-
tempt to bounce the Staff-Captain
which was a failure.

The morning session dealt with the
J. S. war, and every point talked upon
was received heartily by the D.O.'s.
The difficulties of the work recognized,
but the value of setting to work and
carrying out the principles laid down
was seen, and the J. S. war will profit
in the near future accordingly. Con-
tinuing in the afternoon, the Band of
Love was the first matter brought up,
followed by the Junior Cadet Brigade.

The D. O. and his District came last.
Everything relating to officers, corps,
etc., was dealt with point by point,
and judging from the enthusiasm with
which it was received, we have no
doubt that the war will be prosecuted
with more skill and greater success
than ever.

There was an eagerness and desire
for information which we take to be
a good omen for the future, and without
exception every D. O. expressed a
marked determination to go and push
on the lines laid down. Their loyalty
to and confidence in the Army and
its principles is unquestionable. This
alone is a great factor towards ensur-
ing the successful application of these
principles in their respective com-
mands.

News of Victory and Advance

IN THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK.

By MRS. BRIGADIER READ.



THE Montreal Herald has
recently devoted three
quarters of a column of
its pages to an article
on our Rescue Work in
that city. We clip a
brief extract:

The Salvation Army
Industrial Home, 243 St. Antoine St.,
is nobly fulfilling its mission in res-
cuing fallen girls, and extending a help-
ing hand to those unfortunates who,
for lack of timely aid and sympathy,
would be wholly lost. Miss Holman,
the earnest and painstaking matron,
gave the Herald representative some
instances of the saving power the
Home, with its kind influences, has
been to many poor girls.

"Yes," asserted Miss Holman, "a
Women's Shelter, such as we have in
Toronto, is greatly needed in Montreal.
Also a place where the rescued prison-
ers, and friendless or destitute women
will be received, and where at normal
cost they can obtain a night's lodging
and a meal. In Toronto the Women's
Shelter is situated in the poorest and
poorest part of the city, being, in
fact, exactly in the locality where it is
required."

The Salvation Army Industrial
Home, built with its walls an average
number of fifteen young women with a
corresponding number of children. The
specified time for young women to re-
main in the Home is six months, but
when they desire to do so, they may
remain a whole year. It is strictly an
Industrial Home, and its inmates are
encouraged to do whatever work they
are best able. In this way a great
deal of plain sewing, mending, etc.,
etc., is accomplished and disposed of
in various ways. Then there is the daily
routine of house work and minding the
children, so that the days are well
filled in the great benefit of all."

I shall not soon forget my last visit
to Hamilton. The hours of the two
days spent there were very full of
work and blessing. Dear Adjutant
Lacey had invited a large number of
the old girls to meet me at tea. An
interesting meeting in the large re-
ception room followed. Bright victo-
rious testimonies were given by several
of the girls.

There was one sad, pathetic picture.
A wee baby of a few days—born in
prison—was placed in my arms by one
of the inmates who took a motherly
interest in the helpless little one.
Dedicated to the Lord. The poor child's
mother had that day been committed
to the asylum. What a heritage! A
sinner's babe—his mother's reason de-
sanctified!

The work is prospering in the Am-
bitious City. An enjoyable evening
followed at No. 11.

On the Thursday following I had a
profitable officers' meeting. I had the
pleasure of taking tea with the League
of Mercy.

Mrs. Capt. Lacey, who is in charge,
had arranged for the sisters about to
be commissioned to have tea together.
We had a delightful round-the-table
chat, previous to the public commis-
sioning at night in the Citadel. Mrs.
Burdett was with us, and the testi-
monies and incidents given promise
much for future victories. The League
had obtained permission to visit sev-
eral institutions in that city in addi-
tion to their weekly meeting in the
Rescue Home.

Adjt. Burdett had announced well
and took a personal interest in the
gathering.

The sisters with the cross on their
arm and the cross in their heart
looked very nice in their white ribbon
and bright new armlets.

After a short address on the work of
the League in other cities they were
publicly commissioned. The League is
becoming a real blessing to the local
corps in all places where in operation.
Mrs. Lacey told of two men visited by
the League who, the day they were
discharged from prison, came straight
to one of our corps in Hamilton and
got converted. Another woman also
was converted through her husband
being visited behind prison bars.

It is a sign of the spiritual influence
of our Rescue Work, that so many of
the poor unfortunates whom we are
able to save in the day of their sorrow,
sorrow, desire to dedicate to God's
service, and invoke His Divine care
upon the helpless little ones they are
left to support.

'Twas a grand testimony to the Res-

Special and Important

NOTICE

TO
STAFF and FIELD OFFICERS

Throughout the Territory.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER has
decided that the dates for the
great annual

SELF-DENIAL EFFORT

SHALL BE

Nov. 21st to 27th,

INCLUSIVE.

J. E. MARCETTS,

Territorial Secretary.

cue Work. Do you ask, dear reader,
what? The spontaneous rising of that
splendid audience which filled the Cit-
adel Sunday night when Adj. Hughes
asked for some mark of their appre-
ciation of the good work accomplished
by the Women's Social. They stood
on masses, God bless them. London's
citizens are generous and warm-
hearted indeed.

The London Rescue Home is a credit
to the Army. Dear Staff-Capt. Cowan
has everything under the very best
management. She lives for the work,
and is especially devoted to the dear
children. Her labors in connection
with the arrangements of the meetings
were of the most practical nature, and
she deserves, with her co-worker Adj.
Hughes, much credit for their success.

The League of Mercy has the bright-
est prospects before it under Mrs.
Southall's management. We had a
nice meeting in the Jail Sunday after-
noon.

Mrs. Major Cooper has assumed
charge of the Children's Home in To-
ronto. She is heartily welcomed by
her social comrades to that important
command.

The wives of some of the Headquar-
ters Staff are leading weekly meetings
in the Toronto Rescue Home. Mrs.
Colonel Jacobs had a very nice meeting
which was enjoyed by all, and also
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Horn.

INTERESTING ITEMS

A pound of phosphorus heads 1,000,000
matches.

A ton of oil has been obtained from
the tongue of a single whale.

Over six hundred thousand pounds
of tea are consumed in England daily.

The volcanoes of Vesuvius and Etna
are never both active at the same
time.

Web to the length of two and a
quarter miles has been drawn from the
body of a single spider.

A newly-discovered spot on the sun,
which is visible just now, is said to be
30,000 miles in diameter.

A complete electric power plant has
been installed on an estate in France,
in the department of the Tarn.

Engineers in Germany receive from
the Government a gold medal and \$500
for every ten years of service without
accident.

Telegraph wires will last for forty
years near the seashore. In the manu-
facturing districts, the same wires last
only ten years, and sometimes less.

To cool a hot room, wet thoroughly a
large sheet and hang it up in the mid-
dle. The temperature will go down ten
or twelve degrees almost immediately.

Bicycles are now being made with
one of the tubes of the frame plugged
at each end, to be filled with oil
through an inlet at the top, and drawn
off below, so that a cyclist need not
run out of fuel for his lamp.

FIFTEENTH

Mighty Muster of Officers and Soldiers at the Territorial Centre.

MAGNIFICENT MEETING AT THE MASSEY MUSIC HALL.

SOUL-SAVING VICTORY AT THE
THE FIELD COM

"All we want now

Introductory Remarks.

By THE EDITOR.



POCH-marking in the advance of the Salvation Army on this Continent have been the great Fifteenth Anniversary celebrations.

They have comprised a Huge Exhibition March along some of the principal thoroughfares of Toronto, forming an object-lesson on the complex character of the Army's efforts to save humanity; a demonstration at the famous Massey Music Hall, in which the Army's three-fold purpose with respect to the saving and training of children was emphasised; a day of salvation at the Pavilion, and last, although first in importance, a series of Councils which were attended by the Officers commanding the big divisions into which the Field Commissioner's command is divided, viz., Brigadier Bennett, N.-W. Province; Brigadier Howell, Pacific Province; Brigadier Read, Central Ontario Province; Brigadier Sharp, East Ontario Province; Major Southall, West Ontario Province; Major Pugmire, Eastern Province; Major McMillan, Newfoundland Province, and about three hundred Staff and Field Officers, the whole series being under the leadership of Miss South, Field Commissioner.

With respect to the whole of the gatherings and all pertaining thereto, it has been "God over all, blessed forevermore."

The gathering together of so great a number of individuals, all owning allegiance to Jesus, imbued with the same Divine purpose, and bound by the peculiarly close comradeship of the Salvation Army must ever be a time of joy and exhilaration; no wonder we proved to the full that

"The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

and experienced a foretaste of what must constitute at least some of the joys of Heaven.

Everything that could be done by pre-arrangement, organization and system, for the comfort and happiness of the visiting officers was done, and a warm welcome was extended by Headquarters Staff to their comrades from the field.

For so many sided and so long a campaign a vast outlay of labor was requisite, and it would be futile to begin to mention names in this connection, but it is good to be able to say that so far as we know, one and all, from the youngest in the ranks to the most responsible, rendered their service in a spirit of glad co-operation for the success of the cause and the good of all. The soldiers and friends who so kindly billeted the many visiting officers also contributed much to the success of the Anniversary.

The absence of hitch in the arrangements for and carrying out of the march and meetings may be attributed to the excellent organization put into everything by Brigadier Margetts and

his assistant, Major Gaskin, upon whom the bulk of the arrangements fell.

Brigadier Read and his staff also need honorable mention in this connection, they planned and worked like Trojans.

All the Chancellors were present except Staff-Capts. Gaze and Watson. The great expense of the trip hindering the latter, while sickness in the home, we regret to say, prevented the former leaving.

The familiar form of Colonel Jacobs, Chief Secretary, was missed and frequently referred to. The Field Com-

missioner took hold of the most vital questions the Army has to work out and carried her people on the flood-tide of her sanctified reasoning, amidst tears, shouts, cries, and thunderous applause. If on these three subjects only anything like a just expression is given on the Field to the truths so graphically and powerfully applied by the Field Commissioner this Territory will advance—solidly, speedily, and permanently advance—along the lines most vitally important to its future permanency and success as it has never done before.

Personally, the Field Commissioner was nothing less than a heroine. In her the grace of God was seen triumphant over physical weakness. Half way of the Councils her voice came away, inflammation of the throat extending to one lung set in, so that only a hoarse whisper would respond to her efforts to speak and we looked upon it as a calamity, but what an object-lesson did it make in the very eyes of the men and women chosen to be leaders on the field. They saw their Commissioner refuse to surrender. They saw her, contrary to her physician's orders, persist in her efforts to all to the full the measure of her opportunity and faithfully discharge the great responsibilities committed to her, and then, in spite of her inflamed throat, resume her talking as soon as there was any approach to a voice with which to speak.

For Divine illumination, melting influences, for piercing truth, for solid instruction on the burning themes of the Army's progress, we have never known these Councils surpassed, and it was given to the Commissioner to exhibit in her own self those magnificent qualities which make a conqueror. There is no question but that profound unity and intense loyalty to the Flag, combined with a wonderful measure of esteem for the Field Commissioner prevailed amongst the officers previous to this Anniversary, but on this occasion the Commissioner's heroism and self-sacrifice was so patent to all, and her appeals to the judgment, heart and conscience of each council so authorized and blessed that the love and confidence of her officers will be focussed upon her as never before, while the qualities which makes the true-hearted soldier and leader will be greatly strengthened also.

The Councils.

For Field Officers, Tuesday, Oct. 18th.



These were held at the Lippincott St. Hall, where also the Central Ontario Provincial Headquarters is situated.

TUESDAY, A.M.

This meeting was divided into three parts. 1. The "How-do-you-dos" of the P.O.'s. 2. The Field Commissioner's report of the Army's advance for the past year. 3. The Field Commissioner's address on "Prayer."

In the regretted absence of Chief Secretary Jacobs the first of the above-mentioned was presided over by Brigadier Margetts.

There was a magnificent ring of victory in each Provincial Officer's utterances. Some remarks of Brigadier Margetts, as to the worth of the men who followed him on their mettle. Brigadier Bennett, while admitting all that had been said, declared his officers and soldiers to be "a well-behaved and healthy lot," who were as determined to push the claims of the Kingdom of God on men as those nearer the centre, or indeed those else, and we imagined to back up his statement. Brigadier Howell, of Spokane, announced himself as having been "four months an American and," said he, "the Americans are all right."

Anniversary Song.

Sung at the Officers' Council.

TUNE—"Maple Leaf Forever."

We seek Thy blessing, Lord of Light,
To advance, and win the fight
Against the powers of death and hell,
In this fair land of ours;
Oh! breathe upon us now, we pray,
The Holy fire of Heaven,
Baptize us with that power divine
To Thy apostles given.

CHORUS.

We're marching on, we're marching on,
We're marching on together;
God bless our Army round the world,
And keep us true for ever.

God bless our leader in this land,
Help us join with heart and hand
To help her bring each rebel soul
To Calvary's cleansing stream;
Thine everlasting arms entwine
Around her—wrap Thy power—
Help her to lead her soldiers brave
To victory every hour.

God bless our Staff and Field, we pray,
Help them all to live each day
Beneath the conquering Cross of Christ,
And triumph through the Blood;
Our soldiers fill with holy zeal,
Our handsmen clothe with fire,
And help us all to score success,
And raise the devil's ire.

God bless our General, now we pray,
Strengthen him from day to day,
Cheer up his heart and bless his soul
With all Thy power divine;
He's led us well in days gone by,
Through storms and conflicts trying,
And in Thy strength he still can lead,
And keep our colors flying.

CAPTAIN T. H. ADAMS.

missioner spoke touchingly of his absence and sent the following message which was warmly endorsed by all.

To Colonel C. T. Jacobs—Commissioner with Staff and Field Officers attending anniversary desire sincerest affection and sympathy conveyed to you. Yearning for your recovery.—Brigadier. Praying for your recovery.—Brig-

In the Chief Secretary's absence the Commissioner found a devoted and efficient Lieutenant in the Territorial Secretary, who stood by her, full of sympathy and ready to assist all the time.

missioner took hold of the most vital questions the Army has to work out and carried her people on the flood-tide of her sanctified reasoning, amidst tears, shouts, cries, and thunderous applause. If on these three subjects only anything like a just expression is given on the Field to the truths so graphically and powerfully applied by the Field Commissioner this Territory will advance—solidly, speedily, and permanently advance—along the lines most vitally important to its future permanency and success as it has never done before.

NEWSARY.

Grand Display March Exhibiting all Branches of Army Operations.

OFFICERS' COUNCILS SCENES OF WONDERFUL ILLUMINATION AND HEAVENLY OUTPOURING.

ER IN COMMAND.

God and confidence.—THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

Difficulties of a peculiar nature had threatened the West, but nevertheless they were moving ahead. His story of a local officer who, in a case of emergency, seized the flag and wheeled the corps into line "brought down the house," and placed the rank and file of the Pacific abreast of the best Blood-and-Fireline the whole Army produces in either soldiers or officers. True to the spirit of American enterprise, the Brigadier advertised his next "big go" with the Commissioner at Spokane, for which he has secured the biggest and most popular hall—the auditorium—at a cost of \$75 for the one meeting. He concluded with his testimony—he loved God with all his heart, and the war. Major Pugmire from "down East" was well received and took good hold. He gave a good testimony and referred to the big times of the big metropolis, also to the prophesies of some who evidently had not travelled far from home and who thought that leaving the mighty stream of enthusiasm and blessings which flows, lava like, in the immediate vicinity of the Salvation Army, he would cool down and dry up in these outer limits of the great organization. So far from that being the case he was as red-hot as ever. Words were cheap, but he testified that he was a red-hot Salvationist. Down East the same things were happening as happened in London. He had seen five hundred men and women kneeling at the mercy seat during his stay already. His motto was "Desperation," and as to his command, these were his words, "I love it, I love it, I love it." Brigadier Head and Major Gaskin also spoke.

Part two was simply the reading of a list of magnificent triumphs. Take that one item in connection with the Trade Department—\$40,000 debt cleared off, cash down for all purchases, and \$300 in hand at the bank. Consider this refers to the past three years, but the one year to which the Commissioner's statements referred has been a year of great victory, as last week's War Cry showed. In fact, to use the Field Commissioner's own words "Our financial efforts make us a wonder to the world, and we actually do, taking into comparison the sparseness of the population surges anything done in the Salvation Army." So fully in this recognised by International Headquarters that they did not accept the figures of last year's S.-D. total as correct till they had them repeated. The Field Commissioner also referred especially to the grand advance in the number of our soldiers.

Then, came part three. We have but given a glance here and there at parts one and two, we can but mention this. The subject was "Prayer." To illustrate her subject the Commissioner sketched rapidly, one after another, word-pictures of the mighty men of prayer of Bible days, Moses, Samson, Daniel, Solomon, Elijah, and thus came with vivid and realistic telling of the might of prayer, with a number of nuggets of truth flung in. Take this one, for instance, "It only takes one minute to play the fool, but the folly runs on for years." The meeting was a triumph of good comradeship, a mighty stimulus to go on winning, and a rich feast for mind and soul, and had it been the only meeting of the gathering would well have repaid anyone for the trouble and expense of coming.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

A subject of profound importance to the war was dealt with in a masterly manner in this session, viz., Visiting. The supreme value of personal touch

with the people above all mere platform work was proved most conclusively. "Back to Jesus," might have been the Commissioner's motto for this afternoon, for the standard raised for the F.O.'s was nothing less than that of being a Christ moving in and out amongst the people, sharing in all the daily affairs of the people, and yet doing it all with an eye on the main chance of the salvation of their soul. Of course it was the visitation of sinners, quite as much, if not more than of soldiers, that was insisted on. Many thrilling illustrations of the success attending visiting were given by the Field Commissioner from her own experiences as a Field Officer, notably the mighty victory at Torquay, when the obstinate prejudice of a whole city was removed by the Field Commissioner's persistent visitation which extended from the garrets of the very poorest slum people to the wealthier homes, and even to the lobbies of the British Parliament House.

Officers' and Soldiers' Assembly

IN THE JUBILEE HALL.

"Packed almost to suffocation," was the verdict that might truly be passed on the meeting which the Field Commissioner conducted for officers and soldiers in the Jubilee Hall. Freedom and liberty were the characteristics of the opening, which paved the way beautifully for what was to follow. The theme chosen was the well-known incident of David and Goliath, old from oft-mention, but intensely new to the crowd assembled, as lesson after lesson was drawn and applied to the hearts and consciences of the listeners. The importance of so-called little things in their effect upon the future was clearly shown, and the priceless value of a personal testimony, such as David gave to the backslidden king, was dealt upon with intense power and enthusiasm. Officers and soldiers were breathless. The time flew by, but with unabated eloquence our leader went on, carrying everybody with her. It was clearly seen that such a meeting as this could have but one conclusion, and that was soon determined, for the invitation was scarce given "Who'll be the first?" when the answer came quickly, "I will," and the first volunteer followed by another and another. Here's the sixth, and seventh, and tenth, so the news was announced from the platform. This glorious mission to a meeting that will long be remembered went on until thirty-six were counted kneeling at the penitential form seeking the power to enable them overcome their Goliaths in their personal experience and work. To God be all the glory! The Commissioner had not spared herself one little, which was the more to be appreciated because of the Councils held in the morning and afternoon prior to the evening meeting. God bless the Commissioner.

WEDNESDAY, A.M.

The pastoral side of the Field Officers work was dealt with in this meeting. The previous afternoon's lecture was a rich feast, but this was richer. For ten years the Commissioner said it had been laid upon her to speak on this subject, and never were the sheep of the Salvation Army fold more carefully and touchingly appealed for,

The Commissioner based her remarks on the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of the thirty-third chapter of Genesis, and as point after point in the duties of an Army shepherd were brought out, a new conception of the extent of our responsibilities as officers—shepherds—must have risen in many minds, and it cannot be but that fruit of untold value to the rank and file of the Army will result from the sowing of such good seed.

Take this graphic touch, for instance, shorn, the writer regrets to say through his poor wording, nevertheless, an idea can be formed of the truth as stated: "A good shepherd sees the limp in the sheep and is after it at once to dress the wound and remove the occasion of the lameness. A false shepherd lets the poor thing go on with poison rankling and festering till the sore place increases and injures the limb and up through the coursing blood the poison rises till it reaches the heart, then ONE SHIVER IN THE SNOW AND THE SHEEP IS GONE."

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

This was the occasion of our Pentecost. Our leader had set apart this night for the personal spiritual welfare of each officer present. How and it seemed that we were not permitted to hear one word from her. Nevertheless she came and sat and watched the progress of the meeting, her whole soul absorbed in it. Brigadier Sharp read the lesson, Mrs. Brigadier Margretts, Major Pugmire and Brigadier Margretts talked. Oh, what a solemn, searching time it was. The atmosphere was like that of the Judgment Day. Then there were mighty breakings down of spirit, profound wrestlings of soul—Jacob and the angel in sharp conflict—some whose tears flowed the freest and fastest and who approached themselves the most were choice spirits, but upon all it seemed that the Holy Spirit fell in mighty power, and when at midnight the benediction stopped the windup jubilation a meeting was concluded which must have been registered in Heaven, and of which some who have known the power of the Holy Ghost for years say they have not known a more powerful time.

MONDAY, A.M.

"The children's war" was the subject the Field Commissioner dealt with in this session. Some of her previous addresses it seemed impossible for her excel, and yet this last surely surpassed them all. The subject was

deep, deep, deep graven on her heart it was plain to see. Like an Apostle with a flood of Divinely-inspired utterances which bore down all before it the Field Commissioner, in spite of a body from which the strength had been literally wrung out by the strenuous and prolonged exertions of the previous day, put the whole of her great heart into the morning's work till the whole band of officers, with few exceptions, was melted to tears, and one of the strongest men there, when called upon to pray, had his utterances repeatedly choked with sobs. Oh, the children and their interests were borne in upon the hearts of those consecrated men and women in such a way as will certainly bear much fruit for God and His work here. "I never heard the children's cause pleaded like that before," said an officer as we parted.

A Giant Procession.

ONTARIO'S timepieces registered the hour for the close of a day's toil, and hundreds of swinging doors and hurrying feet, flocks of cycles and more than crowded cabs gave emphasis to the fact, as warehouse and store poured the file of their busy occupants into the city street. The clatter of hoofs and rumbling of vehicles filled the street with that mingling of sounds which goes to tell the hurry of the worker on his homeward way. At that hour everybody seems on the move—in fact it is one of the characteristics of that home-going throng that it has to be an irresistible attraction that calls a halt in their general rush.

But suddenly into the general clatter came

The Strains of Martial Music.

The unusual sound at that hour attracted everybody within earshot into quick attention. Following the direction of the sound a brightly waving mass of color was discernable amidst the brief dusk of the October evening, which resolved itself as it came nearer into a group of tri-colored standards. Behind the flags stretched out a long line of procession, conspicuous in which were the brass instrumentalists whose charion calls had first attracted attention. The uniformed gaily of the processionists proclaimed their identity as Salvationists, but this hardly solved the mystery of the march. The perplexed onlookers stood still in amazement.



THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE PROCESSION.

"What's Up? What's Up?"

indelegantly, but forcibly demanded not a far.

The notable march had been well advertised as one of the principle features of the Fifteenth Anniversary programme, but despite this, to the majority of its spectators the triumphant train swept past their gaze with the force of unexpectedness.

The march itself was a marvel of ingenuity and skilled arrangement, but its chief value was in the plainly-taught principle in its every feature.

Every squad of martialled troops, every blast of well-balanced melody from the brass throats of several splendid bands, every lorry full of Rescue or Social endeavor exhibits, and last but not least every footfall of the light tramp, tramp of the children's battalion was

An Education in Itself

and left at any rate a partial conception as to what the Salvation Army is, and what it is doing upon the minds of the whole world.

Time and space stand like sentries before the entrance of a description of all that that march represented, suffice to say that there was no branch of our operations either spiritual or social omitted.

Forceful object lesson fascinated at every turn. The color-draped life-belt with its white and blue clad crew of nurses' grey, close followed by a re-up before the door of the Massey Hall was completed the mightiest object-lesson of what the Salvation Army is in character and work that ever swept down these city streets. And ignorance of the principles and the operations of our flag must forever assume smaller proportions.

Perhaps because their presence was such a contrast to the usual procedure of military marches the children's contingent sent a thrill of surprise through some—or was it because some in the street that night were altogether unacquainted with the important plank which the temporal and eternal well-being of a child forms in the Army's platform. Such ignorance must have been altogether mystified by the athletic implements which the white-clad, well-matched little troop carried, though the Band of Love classes actually at work on a lorry must have told too plainly of the wider work than merely educational which the Army's efforts include to leave the curious beholder altogether in the dark.

If there were any in that crowd who were unaware of the existence of our Social operations they were thoroughly enlightened as the long array of representations from the social wing filed past. "The seven stages of man" showed the effect of Army endeavor upon the roughest and most degraded, and a contingent of the helped in the person of members of the Shelter men themselves, was a feature of the march unobtainable in its present proof of accomplishment. A Shelter bunk (with a dossier in it), a kitchen with

The Cook Actually Cooking.

gave a good idea of the interior of our poor men's Alms-houses. The Farm was well represented and elicited highest interest. Conspicuous in the march were some of the horned and feathered creatures who help to work out the actual salvation of the down-fallen. The market garden, agricultural pursuits, the dairy, the blacksmith, the boarding-house—all had their place, and while chickens chirped and fluttered in a small cart behaved himself in a really circus-past fashion, the Social Farm walked in embryo down crowded King Street.

During the Editorial and printing departments were companions in the march. The former was rendered specially popular with the public by the distribution of back numbers of All the World, and the latter by the actual evidence of working order by

turning off hundreds of dainty leaflets from a printing press mounted on a lorry on the line of march.

The Central Figure

of the procession was the Field Commissioner herself in military cap and sash and mounted on a horse with Dot and Jai, two dainty paces, riding long-tailed ponies on either side. The Commissioner bowed and smiled to the salutations which greeted her en route.

The Territorial Secretary, with the Provincial Officers, also mounted, formed a strong and noble escort. The music was of a fine quality—the Staff Band in their new well-known scarlet preceded the Commissioner, the Peterboro, West Ontario Marine and the city bands, alternatively gave selections of harmony that proved what the Army could do in this direction.

The above is only a glimpse of the long procession. The solid phalanx of officers staff, field and local, with hundreds of the rank and file, made a noble show. As the procession swept up the busier streets the crowd increased. Astonishment and interest was plainly written on the faces of all. Greatest excitement ensued.

Small Boys by Scores Appeared in Imminent Danger

of perceiving themselves under the hoofs and wheels, from the sidewalk and from the cars the eager gaze of thousands was fastened upon the unusual spectacle and as the last contingent drew up before the door of the Massey Hall was completed the mightiest object-lesson of what the Salvation Army is in character and work that ever swept down these city streets. And ignorance of the principles and the operations of our flag must forever assume smaller proportions.

The Massey's Marvellous Demonstration.

REPETITION is not infrequently the most successful method of instruction. And although any suggestion of there being a sameness in the indoor programme to the outdoor manoeuvres would be an unwarrantable libel, was actually which continuity in character, though with varying expression of the lesson taught on the line of march which made the Massey's splendid display the more practically effective. Not that all in that goodly audience had witnessed the former. A large proportion had been far too eager to secure a good seat to stay.

The evening's programme was

A Feast for Sight and Sound.

Vivid and well-grouped coloring blazed from the orchestral tiers. The platform's left wing was mainly taken up by the massed bands with their varying uniforms and shining brass instruments, while the left was occupied by the women officers who at a given signal removed their bonnets and put on white chadlans, which lent a peculiarly graceful effect to the general appearance. The musical prelude which preceded the meeting proper was

A Triumph of Instrumental Skill.

and delighted the listeners. Although the crowd little observed it, there was a cloud resting upon the brightness of the Salvationists present. Their loved Commissioner, who had talked for hour after hour consecutively in the much blessed seasons of council in the earlier days of the week was prevented from taking that full part which she had intended in the evening's engagement owing to a sudden and complete loss of voice. The inspiring strains of "The Salvation

Army is marching along" had barely died away when they filed from a door to the left of the platform, the faintest little procession imaginable. At its head walked the tall form of the Field Commissioner herself dressed in scarlet jacket and flowing sash leading in either hand Willie and Pearl, her tiniest of adopted tots, like

The Gentle Shoppers of a Well-Cared-For Floor.

seemed the Commissioner, for behind her, not unlike ladies in their spotless white attire, filed some hundred children two deep. The effect was all the greater because it was a surprise. A spontaneous volume of applause greeted the Commissioner and her white-robed throng, and as all took their places in the centre of the platform, thus completing the symmetry of the picture

All Eyes and Ears were Captivated for the Evening.

There was a natural feeling of disappointment when it was known that the Commissioner would not be able to speak, but her presence on the platform, though against the doctor's orders, was well appreciated, and loud shouts and hand-clapping evinced the sympathy of the crowd. Brigadier Simpkin threw himself bravely into the breach and acting as the Commissioner's mouth-piece explained the purpose of the meeting, which he aptly termed our "birthday party." "We are just fifteen years old now. It is usual as such times for all the family to get together, if we could only have all our international family here with our beloved General at the head (Great applause) what a party we should have. As it is, it is

The Salvation Army in Miniature

which is presented by our platform tonight."

Taking into consideration the great and growing importance of our children's work it was well-fitting that they should hold such a prominent place in "the birthday party." It was the part that the children took that made up the events of the evening. Each musical drill was a masterpiece. The dexterity of the little people brought down storms of applause. Bar-bell, dumb-bell and hand drill exercises were executed without a hitch. The

Difficult Twists and Turns all Rising and Falling with Perfect Precision

to the strains of the Staff Band. As to the quaint revolutions of fairy Willie and the tinker Pearl, they sent everybody into ecstasies and overwhelming applause, and were, as one expressed it "too cute for anything."

Intense interest reached an even higher pitch as the novel drill called "sleigh bells" was announced. There was a few moments hush—one of keen expectancy—then a door to the right on the platform burst open and a small fair-haired girl, appeared, and ran the length of the platform shaking a collar of high-pitched sleigh bells. Her bells had barely ceased to jingle when a second child appeared with bells of another note and ran across to take her place by the first. This was repeated until the whole eight children had entered thus musically, the delighted crowd getting more excited as each new addition was made. A queer shrill chord was that which the children rang out together. Then followed the rendering of one or two Army tunes, each note being rung out by the child accompanied by a little jump. It was the prettiest of performances and which brought down tremendous applause.

The Crowd Would not be Gainsayed

and an encore was given.

"I'm climbing up the golden stairs to glory," was never sung with more effect than by Dot that night, and when Willie and Pearl sang a sweet-voiced duet about "wearing white robes and waving victory's palms," with dainty demonstrations by chubby hands and curly hair, the audience was again captivated with pleasure.

It would not be possible to describe all that took place that night. The mingling of song and speech, in fact all else came second in every estimation to the children's share. The feelings of hundreds were expressed by one gentleman who, speaking to the Commissioner a few days afterwards said, "It wasn't only the ability of the clever exercises that touched me, it was the thought that you had all those little ones under good influences, that you were

Training Them for God and Heaven.

and as I told my wife all about them I could not help weeping." And perhaps the highest value of that evening was in the proof which it presented of how by means of its J. S. War and Band of Love the Army is seeking to save the souls and guide aright the lives of little children.

The following much-appreciated message was cabled to the General from the meeting:

Press Message,
War Cry, London.

Officers, soldiers, friends, at Massey Hall celebration, 12th Anniversary, as with one heart send tender love to precious General. Your God-honored child, our beloved Field Commissioner, marvelously inspired with power and wisdom. Councils rich in blessing. Never surpassed. High tide unity, devotion to the Flag. Thankful to God for glorious advances during Field Commissioner's administration. Declare our desperate, desperately prosecuted, salvation war coming winter. Longing to see General.

The following wires of congratulation were read from New York Headquarters:

Salvation forces in the United States send hearty congratulations to their comrades of Canada over the glorious victories achieved, and assures them of determination to push with them claims of Calvary until whole Continent yields to Jesus.

COMMANDER and CONSUL BOTT-TUCKER.

Most hearty congratulations, attainment Canada's Fifteenth Anniversary. Your advance last year is a world object-lesson. We follow your achievements with admiration. Affectionate greetings Commissioner and old comrades. Renewed pledges of devotion to war and fidelity to Flag.

COLONEL and MRS. HOLLAND.

The great and mighty opportunity God has come out of his way to put into our very hands is greater and more choice than He has given to any other people on earth except the Salvation Army.—Field Commissioner.



An Old-Fashioned Soul-Saving Season

AT THE PAVILION.

HOPES and fears mingled in our anticipation of the Pavilion's prospective battle. All through this last term in the Anniversary programme had been looked for as the spiritual climax of the campaign. To more eagerly than the Field Commissioner who was announced to conduct the meetings, and when even so late as Friday night her voice was but a feeble reflection of her usual tones began to give place to very natural fear. But

Faith Overstepped Both Fear and Hope,

and seeing that fervent prayer and abundance of works went together it was not surprising to see the Commissioner able to mount the bridge on Sunday with almost her usual strength of tone, despite the tremendous strain of the previous week.

A good foundation was laid to the day's fight in the morning holiness meeting conducted by Brigadier Margrets in the Jubilee Hall. This was acknowledged by one who was there as being one of the best holiness meetings ever attended. Brigadier Margrets' Bible-reading, and Major Pugnare's words of testimony was especially powerful. Conviction was very general and thirteen souls knelt at the penitent form for a deeper work of grace to be wrought in them, amongst them being some who had long known and followed the Master.

The Pavilion's Palace of Light and Air

was filled with a crowd of no mean proportions as ringing volleys heralded the entrance of our beloved leader, the Field Commissioner. The audience was an exceptional one in many ways, it was unusually large for a Sunday afternoon, and quite out of the run of the ordinary Salvation Army crowd. There was a good sprinkling of Salvationists and attenders at the two corps which only were closed for the meetings, but there was also in large numbers faces altogether new—those who were evident strangers to Army gatherings.

The Commissioner had a strong platform with her for not only were the H. Q. Staff and Band present but a goodly remainder of our Territorial visitors. The P.O.'s made up a solid row of faithful fighters, ready to fish or fight or pray or anything else to serve God, souls, and the Commissioner.

The preliminaries were brief—

Every Consecrated Heart was Fixed on the Soul-Saving Mark.

"Whither than snow's" song-prayer, Major Southall's petition, and Mrs. Brigadier Sharp's entreaty, full of faith as well as desire for a nearer conception of Calvary, and last but not least the inspiring words of "To me dear Saviour, yes, to me," sung by Major and Mrs. Pugnare, led the crowd into deeper seriousness of soul-thought, and paved well the way for the Field Commissioner's discourse.

With almost her accustomed voice and all her accustomed vigor the Commissioner opened her Bible and commenced to speak. A spontaneous volley of thanksgiving burst from the voices of comrades for the manifested answer to prayer which her presence proclaimed.

A Hero's Declaration

was her topic. For some thirty minutes the character of the Apostle to the Gentiles glowed in life before the crowd as the Commissioner portrayed the powerful, distinctive traits of his character and some of the events of his successful service, giving all through such straight home thrusts that every low-standard professor of salvation conceived a higher ideal of saint and soldiership and not a few sinners tremble. "Beautiful" cried the angels, said the Commissioner, "over the triumphant Apostle, 'Beautiful,' cried saint and sinner, and 'beautiful, beautiful,' cried Paul himself," adding in the same breath, "By the grace of faithfulness of the whole—the secret of that life, the strength of that death—the abundant grace of God, the identical power which had taken hold of the Apostle was present, the same in force and ability that afternoon, therefore all things possible to Paul were possible to the Pavilion crowd by virtue of its efficacy. The Commissioner ceased, deep conviction of spirit had laid hold of many, the first volunteer—was seen at the form and before the ten hour several had put to practical test that all-conquering grace.

The words were not new, on the contrary to many in that crowd they were perfectly familiar, but the solemn warnings of the "Dream of the Judgment" have been seldom rung out with intense force than by Tawson Kenning at the Pavilion that night. Indeed from the very first song to the final prayer of thanksgiving, spiritual feeling in an unusual measure, rested upon the throng. Manifestly the Commissioner was inspired.

Her Words Held the People

before her with the grip only possible when God is behind the spoken word. The nature as well as the consequences of the spoiler sin was unrelentingly dealt with, the hollowness of an empty profession brought into daylight. Said the Commissioner, "an empty black profession is always a blank failure. Such of you have only the shell when God swung His Son 'twixt Heaven, earth and hell to give you the kernel." But most remarkable of all was the word picture of the "Man of Sorrows."

The Crowd that Night Looked upon Jesus

and His agony for their sake. The prayer-meeting was a fight, but a victorious one. Numbers of stricken spirits sought refuge at His feet. The souls of the contrite, the appeals of the fishers and the prayers and faith in song and speech from the platform made a medley well-mingled to the ear of Heaven.

The Registration Room was a new feature and did splendid service.

Between thirty and forty souls made up the day's total of captures.

So we finished

Where We Had Begun Fifteen Years Ago

—at the penitent form pulling sinners into the Kingdom and the Field Commissioner and her armor-bearer closed the campaign with hearts full of holy joy.

I have sat in the magnificent parlors of the millionaire, with tokens of wealth and luxury all round me, but when I have looked into the inner life and observed what they have spent their life for and what they are bringing their children up for, then I have felt that what I am spending my life for is as high above their aims as the stars above the earth.—Field Commissioner.



IN THE REGISTRATION ROOM.

The Provincial Officers' Council.

AL. Friday, with the exception of the time occupied at the tea for officers, was devoted by the Commissioner to the discussion of high administrative affairs with her Provincial Officers. The Commissioner was still suffering, and really unable to be present, but refused to yield even to what might well have been regarded the inevitable. Being unable to do more than whisper, it fell to Brigadier Margrets to go over the ground outlined in the Commissioner's notes. While much of the day was taken up in dealing with the details of Provincial administration, there were some big discussions made, one of which it would be premature to speak of at present, nevertheless it will come as a boon to many of our officers and will strengthen the unity and confidence between all ranks greatly.

The P.O.'s faces were a study. Alert, enthusiastic, eager and determined to push the war, every man showed himself alive and awake to his position and opportunity. We prophesy a renewal of fighting activity all round when these refreshed giants get back to business. Out of sheer pity the Commissioner had to be entreated to leave and was finally persuaded at about 10 p.m.

Mandan, N. D.

Praise God we are still marching along, believing God will give us the victory. The weather is cold here, but we have got a new stove in our barracks, and now we are ready to face the foe.—Sergeant Major Mitchell.

Westville, N. S.

Victory in our Harvest Festival. Target reached, \$60. Brother Maden took first place with \$18, Ensign Gamble next \$12. Adj. Alex McLean (Halifax Shelter) and Ensign Charlie McLean (U. S.) spent a week-end here. People glad to see them, as Ensign was stationed here about ten years ago. Adjutant dedicated two children Sunday afternoon. One soul has found pardon since last report. Ensign Gamble farewells Sunday, 17th.—Rob Lorimer, Secretary.

Rat Portage.

Arrived here October 2nd. All in good fighting trim. Pen on march first night. Good crowd on sidewalk to listen to Salvation news. Sunday morning, 7 a.m., knee-drill. God came very near; but at Holiness meeting, His presence was felt, and three dear comrades came out for a closer walk with God. We have at present no barracks, but we are believing for one soon. Soldiers all on fire for God. Our motto, "We never will give in."

Cadet N. Anderson

Kewatin, Ont.

"Ed, what's that? Dead! Well, hard. Things are moving already; and we are believing, nay, expecting for just a beautiful time in every way this winter. The creek—creak—creak the old Charlie wheels were heard last Sunday night as she began to move toward Calvary, bringing four penitents along. To Jesus is due all glory and honor.—F. H. K.

Portage la Prairie, Man.

Good times. Things are picking up.

In the last three weeks we have had six souls in the Fountain. One man got saved in the last meeting who one week ago was in the Sunday night meeting and went away without getting saved. Crowds and finances are getting better and War Crys are going good. Ensign Smith was with us three days. Good times. One soul. Our motto is "Victory."—A. Lloyd, Lieut.

Ingersoll

Mrs. Major Cooper to the front today. Her words were clothed with the power of God. Christians and Soldiers, rejoice together. Good to be free. The Fire is burning and the devil, with all his powers, can't put it out. We don't have to fight alone, for God is with us. The battle is the Lord's. Will He lose? Never! Victory is sure.—Minnie Kennedy, Reg. Cor.

Vancouver.

Although worldliness has crept in and brought leanness to the souls of some, yet through the faithful labors of our God-anointed leaders, Adjutant and Mrs. Ayre and Lieut. Prentiss, we have already experienced soul-searching, refreshing times. Still we are praying and trusting for greater manifestations of His power—that blessed time when every soldier, counting it a privilege, will voluntarily fall into line with the Lord's army. Holy lives, bridled tongues, "strong bearing the burdens of the weak," "cup of water offerings, uniform (as mark of separation from the world), captives of the Lord (as the Lord has prospered)" etc., etc., in short, the Army's mission, holy and helpful. Yours.—In His Name.

Hamilton, Bermuda

We are having good times down here. Seven souls getting saved. Port Royal gave us a big time in the shape of a picnic. Had all the good things the country could afford, and in the evening we had a big meeting in the tent, when two got saved. One of these was a backslider who was glad to return to his Father. Sunday good meetings all day. Three out for holiness, and one returning home after a long absence. Then a big night, had a real red-hot, blood-and-fire meeting, closing with two at the Cross begging for pardon. God is giving us good times. Hallelujah!—F. H. B.

Kentville, N. S.

Six souls since last report. Grand times yesterday (Sunday). Five to knee-drill. Two souls in holiness meeting. Afternoon, two more cantos freed. One soul at night, making five for the day.—A. Jess, Sergeant-Major.

Three more have sought Christ since above report was written. Hallelujah.

West Ontario Marine Band Appointments.

Brussels, Nov. 15; Atwood, Nov. 16; Milverton, Nov. 17; Stratford, Nov. 18; Mitchell, Nov. 19; Seaford, Nov. 20; 21; Clinton, Nov. 22; Goderich, Nov. 23; Hayfield, Nov. 24; Brimfield, Nov. 25; Hensall, Nov. 26; Exeter, Nov. 27, 28; Centralia, Nov. 29; Riderton, Nov. 30; Petrolia, Dec. 1; Delaware, Dec. 2; London, Dec. 3; Warwick, Dec. 6; Stratford, Dec. 4, 5; Warwick, Dec. 6; Watford, Dec. 7; Arkona, Dec. 8; Westford, Dec. 9; Forest, Dec. 10; Petrolia, Dec. 11, 12; Newburg, Dec. 13; Samia, Dec. 14; Port Huron, Dec. 15; Courtwright, Dec. 16.



"HERE COMES THE THIRTIETH"

A Pure Gospel.

(Continued.)

Have you forsaken evil? Have you cut off the right hand? Have you plucked out the right eye? I have people coming to me in services of this character, groaning and sometimes worn to skeletons. They tell me they are in distress, they have cut into bondage, they want the joy of the Lord and His duty fellowship, and when I ask the reason, they generally say, "Well, I don't know, but it seems to be want of faith." Now, I say to such people:

Now, let us see what this want of faith arises from. There must be a cause. I am afraid that see both at the door, and when we come to close quarters we generally find there is some idol, some course of conduct or some doubtful conduct which keeps God out of the soul, and when this is confessed and renounced people get the presence of God and away rejoicing in Him. It is so in nearly every case. God does not arbitrarily withdraw Himself from His people, and if He does depend upon it, there is something in the Temple offensive to Him, something with which He will not dwell. Will you put that away, and consecrate your hearts this day unto the Lord to be His temple, His temple only, and leave consequences with Him? He will be able to look after His own.

Then, lastly, when you have come to this decision, then look and live; take the final leap into the arms of a crucified Saviour. With some souls who have been the subjects of the drawings of the Spirit for years, the difficulty is in the surrendering of the will. They have learned to reckon with God; they have lost the little children's way; they are afraid to take the final leap, and there they stand before the door. To the victors of anything between them and Christ. What are you to do? What Paul told the Philippians, "I have learned to be content with what I have." He does receive—not He will tomorrow, not He does tomorrow, but that He does now, this moment. When did He receive the sinners who came to Him earlier? When did they come? Just the same will He receive you. "Oh, but," you say, "I do not feel right." No, of course not. Surely not. But you must be saved by faith. If you are to be saved by faith, you must exercise faith before you will be saved. You must by faith you are to be saved, you must believe first and be saved afterwards, if it is only the next second. But, "I say, 'I do not feel right, but you will feel it when you have got it. You must believe it before you get it, on the testimony of His Word, and then you will say, 'I do not feel right, but you will feel it when you have got it.'"

"Now I come, Lord, I come. I have put my idols away, I have put away everything that consciously stood between me and Thee. I will to serve Thee, I will to follow Thee, I will to let my meek under Thy yoke forever, asking no more questions, but being willing for Thee to lead me whithersoever. Thou wilt. Now, Lord, I come—Thou art receive." Leap off the poor old stranded wreck of your own effort, or your own righteousness, or your own unworthiness, or your own unworthiness, or anything else of your own, into the glorious lifeboat. It is the love of God that saves you—another step, and you will be in—another bound, and you will feel the loving arms of your Saviour round you. Faith is trust, trust. He will do you what He promised. Believe that God does how accept you wholly for the sake of the sacrifice of His Son, and that He justifies you freely from all things from which you could not be justified by law. You are a condemned, guilty, hell-bound criminal, and nothing but His free, sovereign mercy can save you. Throw yourself upon His love, and the moment you do so, you will be saved. Perhaps you will say, as a curate of the Church of England, writing to me last week, "I am not to be saved by logic." Amen, amen. So did I, and I struggled for six weeks before I refused to be saved by logic, because I would have a living, personal Christ. I admire your decision, my brother, if you are sure, but let this logic help you; nevertheless, Jesus Christ has promised, if I come, that He will receive me—then I do come, and He does receive me, for He cannot lie. Let that help you. Faith is not logic, but logic may help faith.

Oh! how I should rejoice if some of you were to launch into the arms of Jesus this afternoon. It often happens that while I am speaking, some of you get into the ark of God's mercy, and come, I write to tell me afterwards that the Spirit has come, and they are crying, "Amen, Father," and now they know they have passed from death unto life. They don't want logic then, but they want demonstration with them. When you have come up to the place where saving faith is possible to you, you have no more to do, no more to suffer, no more to pay. By simple trust we are saved. This is the way every sinner on earth was saved. This is the way every sinner on earth was saved. This is the way we are kept faithful, too, by living daily, obedient faith. The Lord never leaves us. Let the idol go. Put away the ungodly commission. Give up the unlawful business, or the worldly conformity. Put away

SALVATION SHOUTS



Yet onward I haste to the Heavenly
That, that is the fulness, but this is
the taste.

And this shall I prove, till with joy I
To the Heaven of Heavens in Jesus'
love.

Salvation.

Tune—"Christ Now Sits on Zion's Hill" (B.L., 228, 3); "Thou Art a Mighty Saviour" (B.L., 75, 2); "Innocents" (B.L., 123, 1); "Depth of Mercy" (B.L., 22); "Spanish Chant" (B.L., 122, 2).

4 Who are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal Throne?

(Chorus according to tune chosen.)

These are they who bore the Cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suffered in His righteous cause,
Followers of the Son of God.

Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes of faith below.
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow.

Oh, if through life's little day,
We, like them, can fearless fight,
Soon we shall be called away,
Evermore to walk in white.

Tune—"Take the Name of Jesus With You."

5 Sinner, come to Calvary's moun-
Where the Saviour hung for thee,
Hear Him cry, "Enough; 'tis finished!"
All the world may now go free.

(Chorus)—Precious Name, etc.

Sinner, heed the gracious message,
That this day we bring to thee;
Jesus rose, o'er death triumphant,
And salvation now is free.

From His side there flows a river,
That has power to cleanse the soul;
Neath its waves, by faith now plunge thee,
And be every whit made whole.

Come to Christ, no more delaying,
Seek, oh, seek His loving face;
If you wait until to-morrow,
Past may be your day of grace.

Tune—"Turn to the Lord" (B.B., 45; B.L., 77; S.M., 1, 97).

6 Hark, the Gospel news is sound-
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abouting,
Grace for all is rich and free.
Now, poor sinner, come to Him who died for thee.

Oh! escape to yonder mountain:
Refuge find in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away.
Do not tarry, come to Jesus while you may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish, all may live, for Christ has died.

Christ alone shall be our portion;
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love;
All His fulness we shall then forever prove.

Lieut.-Col. Richard Evans is to succeed Major Clifford as Shepherd of the Mid-Western flock.

Major Gnakin called at the Editorial office and worked up quite a string of rhyming on the subject of English Kennel's new happiness.

HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

KINDNESS FORGOTTEN.

Genesis xi. 1-23.

THE BUTLER AND BAKER.

The butler and baker were two officers of great importance in Eastern and ancient courts. Yet even these were liable to come under the King's displeasure and punishment. It is a risky thing to hang on the favor of princes. But God overrules all. He intended only to use them as the instrument of Joseph's release.

JOSEPH IN FAVOR.

Joseph's character could not be hid. No matter what the circumstances or disadvantages, goodness always shows itself. Even the keepers of the prison saw that he was different to the other prisoners, and accordingly put him into a position of trust. In this capacity he was brought into touch with the two latest arrivals.

MORE DREAMS.

The butler and baker both had strange dreams, which troubled them very much. Dreams were evoked upon us sure omens of good or evil.

THEY WERE SAD.

There was no need for any announcement of their unhappiness. Their anxiety was seen upon their faces, and as soon as Joseph looked upon them, he knew that something was the matter.

THERE IS NO INTERPRETER.

They had no idea of an interpreter in prison; to the idea the magicians who professed to read the meanings of visions belonged to the King's palace—to prosperity, not to adversity.

As Joseph was ready to interpret the interpretations belong to God, and encouraged them to speak, no doubt thinking of his own dreams and the troubles which for the time being followed.

THE VISION OF THE VINE.

The butler first related his dream and to his astonishment Joseph interpreted it. The foretelling of a speedy release and restoration to his office filled him with joy.

"THINK ON ME."

Joseph's trust in God does not prevent him from using right means that are within his reach. Having such a good opportunity of reaching the ear of the King, he did not fail to use it by requesting the butler to do his best for him. One would think this little request from a fellow-sufferer would have lived in that official's memory.

THE VISION OF THE RASKIT.

Then the baker, who had been listening so eagerly, and anxiously, became encouraged; his hopes began to rise, and he told his dream to Joseph. But Joseph could only tell the truth as God revealed it to him, and he had to tell the chief baker that his dream was sealed and that he would soon have to die.

PHARAOH'S BIRTHDAY.

The keeping of the birthday is a very ancient custom. Matthew xiv. 6. Joseph kept such a high regard then to His glory. Let each milestone mark a spiritual advance.

On this occasion Pharaoh took the opportunity of restoring the butler to his old position, but the baker's was changed, according to Joseph's prediction.

Little did Pharaoh think that he was fulfilling the word of the mouth of God who lay in his prison. Often God works through those who are quite unconscious of Divine leading.

"BUT FORGOT HIM."

In the excitement and joy of his own good fortune, the butler forgot all about poor Joseph. Amos vi. 6.

We ought to remember those who have benefited.

He was forgotten by man, but not by God. Men are apt to forget those who have done them a favor. There is an old saying, "Out of sight, out of mind," and it was so in the case of Joseph and the chief butler. Yet even his forgetfulness was overruled for Joseph's good. God made him remembered. The chief butler, though still in prison felt that the butler had forgotten all about him, but he maintained his faith in God. He did his duty, and waited patiently for God's time.

MEMORY TEXT.

"Interpretations belong to God."

whenever his stood between you and Jesus. Trample it under foot and press Jesus, and go right up and touch Him with this touch of faith, and you shall live and know that you are healed. Then this Gospel will be read news, indeed, to you, and Jesus will be the author of eternal salvation to you, because you OBEY HIM!

